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## Grieve Not For Gretna

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## **Grieve Not For Gretna**

by Denise Moran

We who lie beneath these stones  
Are nothing more than rotting bones.  
Remnants of a town gone by,  
We stare up, sightless, at the sky.

Our children for us no longer mourn  
from their own lives they've since been torn.  
Where they rest, we cannot say,  
Some other field, so far away.

Once named after Gretna Greene  
Our lands now hail as Carol Stream.  
Neither church, school, nor barn are found  
To mark what we knew as our old town.

Pioneers of the Prairie State  
We settled here 'round '38  
Years before the deadly roar  
Of guns proclaiming the Civil War

We came from Europe and back East  
Farmer, merchant, miller, priest.  
Journeying far, young and healthy,  
Toting dreams of becoming wealthy.

We grew near old St. Charles Road  
Nurturing the yearly seed we sowed.  
First by wagon, then by track,  
We shipped goods to Chicago and back

With Indian blood beneath our feet,  
We harvested corn, oats, and wheat.  
Usurping mighty Indian nations  
Banished by us to reservations.

Our dust commingles now with theirs  
On land once home to cougar and bear.  
No longer heard is the eagle's call  
Above this uncaring suburban sprawl.

A bike path winds around our tombs  
Where silence reigns and wildflowers bloom  
Whoever knew that we would pass  
Into obscurity beneath this prairie grass.